

# The Pocahontas Times.

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Andrew Price, Editor

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### A Rural Opinion.

The poets that are singers of the harvest "rich and sweet, shuck-in' corn, or threshin' wheat," The distance sorter dazzles, but a feller's fancy fails  
When he's put to pickin' cotton, haulin' in hay, or spillin' rails.

In the cities they are singin' of "the music in the dells"  
The everlastin' ringin' of the peaky cat-the bells:  
But they'd sorter change the meter—with their hands as soft as silk.  
If you made 'em drive the cattle home an give 'em cows to milk!

hey make you tired talkin' 'bout 'the noble sons of toil'  
The "horny handed heroes" that are tillin' of the soil;  
But it sots 'em down to thinkin': If that later lovin' crowd  
Had hauls 'em half as horny, would they blow their horns so loud?

It's distance makrs 'em do it; they write by city rule;  
They praise a Texas pony, make an angel of a mule!  
But I tell you, fellers citizens, I would make 'em change their style  
If ever we could run 'em down an plow 'em all awhile!

—Frank L. Stanton.

### County Sketches.

#### I. THE SHERIFF.

If we are to consider county dignitaries in the series of sketches we propose to write concerning life in this section, we must take up the Sheriff, who heads the ticket on election day, and who must be allowed his full glut of glory,—or the day will come when we can not get a Sheriff for love nor money. It is the duty of every citizen to glorify this office; for with a man who has accumulated a few encumbrances in the way of farms and is kept busy riding his own particular horse overseeing things, nothing but the glory of his office will induce him to risk all his fine land and personal property to serve his county in the capacity of Sheriff.

The Sheriff in a West Virginia county is a very important personage, for, in addition to keeping the peace, he must collect and account for all the money levied in direct taxes on the people. There is a law providing that he shall not serve two successive terms. This law was provided because when a man had served four years and was not satisfied with his experience as Sheriff, it shows that he is not altogether right and that he had better be retired to private life where he can do no harm.

When election year comes round some substantial farmer who has hitherto kept his accounts in his head or penciled in a memorandum book, suddenly appears on the scene as a candidate for Sheriff, and it will be remembered then that he has probably been preparing for it for years by his astuteness in avoiding all political difficulties and by not letting his left hand know how the right hand voted. This is political finesse greatly in vogue, and makes very lukewarm enemies. A man of the same walk in life opposes him, and the fine riding horses are hard worked canvassing. Many a poor sheriff has had cause to remember those days and wonder why he did not spend the time requesting his friends to elect his adversary.

When he has successfully passed through the ordeals of a party nomination and a general election he begins to realize the bitterness of life when he thinks on his official bond. He sees a neighbor coming in the road and hastens to meet him, but the neighbor has business down a side road and escapes. It is hard to corner a man of property so that he can have a woman's conversation with him. He goes to church and the preacher unfortunately chooses a lesson that plunges him in despair. It is from Proverbs:

My son, if thou be surety for thy friend; if thou hast stricken thy hand with a stranger,  
Deliver thyself as a roe from the hand of the hunter, and as a bird from the hand of the fowler.

If thou owest no man, why should he take away thy bed from under thee?

The day of his qualification draws near, and by dint of much persuasion and by the help of his clan and men who are under obligations to him, he marches a melancholy group of men before the

county court and they having duly signed his bond he is inducted into office, together with the several deputies.

When a man is appointed minister to England, or a plenipotentiary to draft a treaty of peace between nations, he may feel that he is of some importance; but he is a mere novice in such thoughts compared to the deputy sheriff when he has sworn in. The sheriff himself has had about all the satisfaction knocked out of him by the time he qualifies, and has realized the bitterness of life, but the deputy feels his keeping for years. He is very affable, and very condescending. He is at peace with himself and the world, and goes out and orders the biggest pair of saddle-pockets in the catalog, and begins to ride Sheriff. The glory that should rest on the Sheriff descends and sits upon the deputies.

As for the poor Sheriff, he is in difficulties learning his business and making both ends meet. His pocket-book bulges out in an alarming manner and has all kinds of important papers in except greenbacks. Whenever he gets a dollar it must go to pay the county orders and school drafts. The rapacious school-teachers surround him on all sides with orders for their salaries, and when he tries to run down a taxpayer he fails and when after many trials he finally corners him he has no money, and the cash comes in slowly. He rides to the top of the mountain to collect a tax ticket for \$2.75, and finds no one at home. If he had been successful he would have netted nineteen cents for his half-day's ride; as it was he made nothing. And behind all are the thousands of dollars that the Auditor of the State expects in a lump sum, when the poor sheriff is meeting with difficulty the small claims against the county held by individuals. Do you wonder that he finds all his glory is more like sawdust and ashes. But, as we said before, we must not let all this get out, for presently there would be nobody to serve as sheriff, and the whole machinery of the county would be sadly out of order.

This tax business so over-shadows all other duties of the Sheriff that his other work is light and trivial compared with it. But now and then some of the clans fall out, and there is trouble in mountains and shooting is very free and open, and the Sheriff, who has had all the snap worn off him by the cares of the treasury department, must arm himself and go in as the representative of the law and corral a lot of people in jail. So he coaxes some and bullies others and abuses others out of his balliwick until peace is declared and he can resume his dunning operations. Again the court has to wait until he can ride forty or fifty miles and attach a reluctant witness. He also has the painful duty of selling other people's property for their debts and causing distress generally. But it is doubtful whether anything causes him more trouble than that unhappy class of individuals who are so thoughtless as to die and leave him to administer on their estates.

Years after the careworn man has made a final settlement of a rest of his affairs, like a ghost of his former term of office some big two-fisted man comes up and says that he was a poor, pitiful infant in the days when he was sheriff, and he wants a settlement of a certain estate. He asks that the sheriff be made responsible for not collecting one thousand dollars and that he pay that amount with 25 years' interest; and the court sides with the infant and makes the sheriff, who is by this time an old man, pay up for his neglecting something he knew nothing of.

Until the sheriff gets rid of the effects of his term of office by dying, he is compelled to attend each court and settle up the bag ends of his business. That is if he has been able to fight it through and has not cost his sureties anything. It very frequently happens that the sureties take these duties off the sheriff's hands and wind up the affairs to the best advantage. The

sheriff goes into very retired private life and is not heard of in public affairs again. One West Virginia sheriff after he had failed deemed it expedient to open the big veins of his neck with a pocket-knife and hold his head over the wash-bowl until he felt down dead. The latter end of the sheriff is what is to be dreaded. He is covered with liabilities and his profits have disappeared. Not many years ago one of the wealthy men of this county paid over \$700 as surety of a sheriff who served a term before the war. When the sheriff gave bond he had no doubt in finding as many wealthy stockmen and farmers as he needed for he was a wealthy man himself. They met in the store in which this particular surety was clerk to sign the bond. When the bond was signed the prospective sheriff courtously asked the young clerk to sign also, and the clerk was very happy to put his name down with so many prominent and influential people.

Time passed and the sheriff and each one of the sureties had been gathered to their forefathers, and the store clerk, now a wealthy man himself, was alone liable of all that set of bondsmen, and when a debt was found against that sheriff 31 years after his bond was signed, the young store clerk had to settle.

But all these things must be kept quiet, for if they were to become generally known and realized what would we do for a sheriff?

#### A LONG WAY ROUND.

According to a paragraph in the New York Sun, there is a post-office in Minnesota from which it takes a letter eight days—and more than twelve hundred miles of travel—to reach another office only half a mile away.

"The second office is in Canada, on the other shore of Rainy River. The mail used to be carried across in a bark canoe by a half-breed, who made a living by the work. Now it goes one hundred and fifty miles by stage, one hundred miles by rail to Duluth, six hundred miles west and north to Winnipeg, two hundred miles east by rail, and two hundred miles more by steamer and canoe to get to the village that can almost be reached with a shout by a good pair of lungs."

We can furnish a similar tale in Pocahontas. Take Gillispie and Wanless, two towns of the Greenbrier about eight miles apart. Under recent mail regulations a man might start a letter Monday at Gillispie to a man at Wanless. It would go four miles to Travelers' Rest; Tuesday, thirty miles to Huntersville; Wednesday, 6 miles to Marlinton; Thursday, four miles to Edray. Then waiting over a day at Edray, it would go twelve miles to Driftwood on Saturday, and be carried to Wanless the next Tuesday, requiring nine days to make the circuit.

#### He Knew George A. Jenks.

About twenty years ago an old man of wealth and without family resided at Brookville. Like many others he neglected making a will until he became very sick. Then he divided most of his estate among his relatives, giving each a liberal share, but also bequeathed a handsome sum—about \$20,000, if we remember correctly—to churches, schools and charitable objects. A few days after he had made his will his physician informed him that he could not live a week. The law of the State makes void all bequests to churches and charities where the deviser dies within thirty days of the date of making his will. Then the old man added a codicil to his will revoking his bequest to churches, schools, etc., and bequeathed the total sum, \$20,000, to George A. Jenks, without reserve. After his death, when the property came into possession of Mr Jenks, the latter turned it over to the institutions named in the will and carried out to the letter the desires of the deceased.

Such incidents show the confidence people have in George A. Jenks, who have known him long and intimately. He is the kind of man required for Governor of the Pennsylvania.—Philadelphia Record.

#### A Dreary Home.

An Atchinson woman is not only a poor cook and housekeeper, but she does not laugh at her husband's jokes.—Atchinson Globe.

#### THE BIBLE RELATIONSHIP.

BY W. T. P.

Jacob Bible, Esq., the progenitor of the Bible relationship in our county, was born and reared on the South Branch of the Potomac, near Franklin, Pendleton County. His father was Jacob Bible, Senior, a native of Pennsylvania, and one of the early settlers of Pendleton County.

Upon his marriage with Sally Lightner, daughter of Adam Lightner, Senior, on Back Creek, Mr Bible located at Hightown, thence he came to Rosin Run, near Green Bank, where he made ample improvements. This was about seventy years ago. Their children were Susan Elizabeth, Mary Margaret, John Adam, William Franklin and Rachel Jane.

John Adam was a Confederate soldier in the Green Bank company, and was wounded in the battle of Port Republic, June 1861. Upon being brought to Adam Lightner's, in Highland County, he died of his wounds, after lingering and painful sufferings.

William F. Bible was also a soldier, attached to Captain W. L. McNeel's command. Upon being taken prisoner near Huntersville, he was taken to Camp Chase, where he died in 1863.

Susan Elizabeth Bible became Mrs William J McLaughlin, near Huntersville. Particulars of her family were given in the McLaughlin Sketches, third group.

Mary Margaret was married to Peter D. Yeager and lives at Traveler's Rest. He was a Confederate soldier and was a prisoner of war at Camp Chase. He is now proprietor of the Yeager House at Traveler's Rest, and post master.

Rachel Jane Bible first married Morgan Bird and lived near Green Hill, Highland County. Walter and James Bird are their sons. Morgan Bird was a Confederate soldier.

Her second marriage was with John B. McCutcheon, near Dunmore. Further particulars are given in the R. D. McCutcheon article.

Thus far, with the assistance of Mrs Rachel McCutcheon, the writer is able to give the foregoing particulars.

Among the many persons whose life history is identified with the development of our county, and whose names are worthy of grateful remembrance, Jacob Bible is one deserving special mention. He was a person of untiring industry and judicious management. Mrs Bible had for her highest aim to be a faithful home keeper and bring up a model family. It goes with saying that these worthy people succeeded remarkably well.

Mr Bible settled on a place with some patial improvements, but virtually it was a settlement in the primeval forest, and the task before him was building up a pioneer home. In their quiet, thoughtful way, he and his wife faithfully counseled their sons and daughters to go in good company or none and to the credit of their children, this advice was dutifully heeded.

In the summer of 1852 the writer had the pleasure of being at the Bible's home. It was in the midst of the busy season and his purpose was to stay but a few minutes. Mr Bible quit his work and came to the house, and without further ceremony sent the horse to the barn, and informed the visitor he had to stay for dinner. He examined the colporteur's stock of books, selected what he thought would suit him. He was not a person apparently of many words, and yet he had a way of keeping the visitor busy talking. Soon after the noon hour the visitor felt he must be on the move and not keep the kind man away from the work that was evidently thronging him. He started to leave and Mr Bible went with him some distance, and he looked so solemn that the visitor began to think there must be some thing on his friend's mind. So he dismounted in the shade of a tree, and there followed one of the most interesting interviews on the subject of personal religion, it has ever been his pleasure to have. It turned out that

instead of spending a few minutes the greater portion of the day was spent. We separated and did not meet for years afterward.

After due consideration of the subject of personal piety and much careful reading of the Holy Scriptures, Mr Bible clearly realized the plan of salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Through the faith that comes by hearing and the hearing that comes by the word of God, he was satisfied and convinced that Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believes. The result was that in mature life he confessed with his mouth the Lord Jesus, and believed that Christ was raised from the dead, and thereby Jacob Bible came into a saving state of grace.

He was chosen a Ruling Elder in the Liberty church and for many years he was one of its staunch supporters. He died in 1888 after a lingering and distressing illness, which he endured with marked resignation and contrite submission to the Divine Will. In thinking of Mr Bible the words often recur, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright for the end of that man is peace."

#### Interesting Facts About Potatoes.

The following facts about the ordinary potato are credited by The Pharmacopoeial Era to a paper read by M. Balland, a French chemist, before the Paris Academy of Sciences. It says:

"Aside from the skin, which only represents a small fraction of the total weight, the potato consists of three layers, well distinguishable with the naked eye if a small piece is held up against the light. Still more distinctly these three layers become visible if photographed with the Roentgen rays. The strata are of different thicknesses, which decrease toward the interior. The outermost layer contains comparatively the most starch but less nitrogenous substances; with the innermost layer the proportion is just the reverse. The middle layer has a mean composition between the two others. The skin layer is the driest, while the inside marrow contains considerably more water. On an average, a potato contains three quarters of its weight of water, two tenths of starch, and one fiftieth of nitrogenous matters. Balland has discovered the important fact that the food value of the potato is so much greater the more nitrogenous substances it contains, and so much smaller the richer it is in starch. In the best table potato the proportion between nitrogenous matters and starch attains three times as high a value as with the food potatoes of the lowest quality. Hence the value of a potato can be ascertained by chemical analysis; but it so happens that the food value of different varieties of potatoes can be judged according to their behavior when boiled. We all know that some potatoes swell up in hot water, cracking in certain places and even breaking apart, while others retain their original shape even when well done. It was supposed formerly that the cracking or breaking apart of potatoes was indicative of an especially large percentage of starch, the starch swelling up and breaking the skin. According to the latest investigations this is erroneous, the percentage of albumen being responsible. If a potato is comparatively rich in this substance it will keep its shape on boiling; a cracking and falling apart indicates a deficiency of albumen. The potatoes containing the most albumen being the most nutritious, everybody can determine the worth of a potato by boiling it. The best varieties are those which do not fall apart, but remain whole on cooking."

#### Chameleon Changes of Negro Babies.

The evidence of a French physician, founded on experience obtained at a Soudanese village exhibited in Paris, was to the effect that the negro baby comes into the world a pale pink color, the second day it is lilac, ten days afterward it is the color of tanned leather, and at fifteen days it is chocolate-colored.

The Rev W. B. Costley, Stock-bridge, Ga., while attending to his pastoral duties at Ellenwood, that State, was attacked by cholera morbus. He says: "By chance I happened to get hold of a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy, and I think it was the means of saving my life. It relieved me at once."—For sale by Amos Barlow, Huntersville; Birlow and Moore, Edray.

#### THE WOODCHUCK'S NAME.

Woodchucks are familiar creatures on every farm in New England, and they have extended their settlements beyond the Mississippi. One of their most noticeable traits is the throwing up of large piles of dirt in front of their burrows. According to the author of "Familiar Life in Field and Forest," it is from this practice that the woodchuck got his name.

It is probably in the time of Esop (the lower animals used to live in a happy country with a judge over them—the dog. One day a rabbit whose burrow adjoined that of the marmot, complained to the latter that the little rabbit's eyes were continually filled with the dirt which he threw out of his burrow.

"The marmot paid no heed to this remonstrance, and the rabbit was compelled to appeal to the judge. His honor immediately sent word to the offender that greater care must be taken in the future. But the insolent marmot, notorious for his incivility and indifference, replied to the messenger that he would chuck his dirt just where he pleased!

"That settled it. The dog has been hunting for the gross offender ever since, and the name 'woodchuck' has stuck to the whole tribe of marmots."

In West Virginia the dog once caught up with this impudent animal and made sausage meat out of him. Hence he has been known in this section by the name of "groundhog."

#### Regretted Limitations.

A rural Editor, describing a village banquet, probably felt that he had done his full duty in the way of praise when he wrote:

The banquet that awaited the guests in the supper room was one of the finest ever seen in this place. The table fairly groaned under its load of good things, and some of the guests probably groaned after they left it, although the remark of each guest as he or she left the table was, "I wish I could hold some more," and no one felt his limited capacity more than ye editor.

#### Epigrams of the War.

"Don't swear, boys; shoot!"—Colonel Wood to the Rough Riders.

"Suspend judgment."—Captain Sigbee's first message to Washington.

"Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying."—Captain Phillip of the Texas.

"Remember the Maine."—Commodore Schley's signal to the flying squadron.

"You can fire when you are ready, Griddle."—Commodore Dewey at Manila.

"The Maine is avenged."—Lieutenant Wainwright, after the destruction of Cervara's fleet.

"Don't get between my guns and the enemy."—Commodore Dewey to Prince Henry of Germany.

"There must be no more recalls; iron will break at last."—Lieutenant Hobson to Admiral Sampson.

"Who would not gamble for a new star in the flag?"—Captain Buckley O'Neill, of the Rough Riders.

"Take that for the Maine."—Captain Sigbee, as he fired a shot through the Spanish torpedo boat Terror.

"I've got them now and they will never get home."—Commodore Schley, on guard at Santiago harbor.

"We'll make Spanish the court language of the Hades."—Fighting Bob Evens when war was declared.

"The battle of Manila killed me but I would do it again."—Captain Griddle, of the Olympia, on his death bed.

"Excuse me, sir; I have to report that the ship has been blown up and is sinking."—Bill Anthony, of the Maine.

"I want to make public acknowledgment that I believe in God the Father Almighty."—Captain Phillip, of the Texas.

"Shafter's fighting, not writing."—Adjutant General Corbin to Secretary Alger when the latter asked for news from the front.

"Afraid I'll strain my guns at long range; I'll close in."—Lieutenant Wainwright, of the Gloucester, in the fight with Cervara's squadron.

"Don't hamper me with instructions; I am not afraid of the entire Spanish fleet with my ship."—Captain Clarke, of the Oregon, to the Board of Strategy.